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solution of the former one. But Maruschka smiled with malicious satisfaction, and after watching the woman's unmotherly behaviour for some time, at last said: "Let the girl alone, Czinka. And you, Wantscha, come to me; I will offer you a bit of good advice—mind you give it a wise hearing."

The ill-used girl arose, and, while she arranged her disordered hair and smoothed down her clothes, she looked in no humour to listen favourably to any advice. She shot malicious glances at Maruschka, and every now and then flashed scorn and indignation at Dschurdschu. But Maruschka took care not to be discomposed by her untoward looks and behaviour. With an apparently friendly tone, which was only redeemed from hypocrisy by the touch of scorn with which her soft words were seasoned, she said: "I think you are a good child to your father and mother. They both love you beyond measure. There is only one thing that lies nearer their heart than their own child, namely—what is quite reasonable—their own welfare. They would, perhaps, not hesitate to sacrifice their life and their property to save your life; but assuredly they will not lose all they have just to gratify your whim. Do you understand me, Wantscha? Are you aware that your father and mother are beggars, the moment I withdraw my protecting hand from their flocks, their threshing-floors, and their house? If not, let me tell you so now. They will, therefore, find some means of conquering your stubborn will; and even if they had not the power to do this, I am sure you are much too good a daughter to bring down a curse upon your father's house and plunge those to whom you owe your existence into the deepest misery. You would not exact such a sacrifice at their hands, even to save your life. You are too dutiful and too noble for that."

Wantscha burst into tears. Her spirit was broken. As soon as the powerful mistress declared herself a suitor in the name of Dschurdschu, the poor girl abandoned all idea of resistance. Maruschka could brook no refusal at any time, and her tyrannical disposition was now irritated by the keen sting of jealousy. Nobody knew better than Wantscha how to act on the spur of the moment. Hence, resigning herself to her fate, she said with repeated sobs: "I obey, mistress."

"You do well," said Maruschka, and turning to Zdenku, added: "Join the hands of this pair together. Your daughter consents to become the bride of my faithful servant."

Full of joy, the rough old Dschurdschu sprang towards the poor girl, who offered no opposition to his embraces. At last light broke in upon the sluggish peasant, her father. "Is that all?" muttered he. "I was wondering what would come of all your threats. It was hardly worth while to talk so ominously just for this. However, it is all one to me. You have got a good wife, old fellow, and a nice little property. Take her, and may Heaven bless you both!"

With these words he betrothed his daughter to an old man, whose only recommendation was his being a *protégé* of the overbearing female robber. Czinka laid her hands on the heads of the affianced pair, and said, as she thought of Petru's dangerous schemes, "That trouble also is now at an end; we shall be able to sleep in peace. God be praised for this!"

Maruschka and the happy bridegroom remained all night at Mlakaberg. The amazon was even gracious enough to spend a great part of the morning there, and at last sat down to a late breakfast which served as the betrothment feast, which was prolonged beyond all expectation. Her malicious exultation over Wantscha's hardly-

repressed tears gave an additional relish to the food, and the flask which her husband left behind also contributed to lengthen her stay. She did not move from her seat till she had completely drained every drop of the liquor. By that time the day was far advanced, and their departure, which was originally fixed for the morning, did not take place till the afternoon. The trees on the mountains were already stretching their broad shadows towards Turkey, when the poor lass at length found an opportunity of giving vent to her feelings with tears in quiet retirement, while her merciless tormentor and hated bridegroom were roaming through the wood.

Both the travellers stept on apace, looking anxiously around, and listening attentively to every sound, like sportsmen who in unfrequented wilds make war upon the animal creation. After they had gone a good distance, Maruschka stopped at a steep elevation, from which she looked down into a valley where a herd of wild boars were taking their midday repose on the marshy soil. It was not, however, the wild boars that attracted her attention. She had seen in the distance beyond, the shadow of a man moving among the trees. The man had disappeared amid the foliage, before she had time to distinguish who he was. After a time the form appeared again through an opening in the trees, and Dschurdschu, who observed it, could not help exclaiming, "It is Micklos! What can he want here?"

"We shall soon know," replied Maruschka, upon which she put two fingers in her mouth and gave a shrill whistle, which echoed far and wide. The man sprang with a sudden bound behind the trees before he ventured to look round. But when he had done so, he came slowly out from his concealment, waving his hat, and indicating by his friendly greeting that he recognised his leader's wife. He was a Hungarian by descent, named Nicholas, which the old Wallachian corrupted into Micklos.

Maruschka beckoned him to come over to her. He assented, and immediately disappeared for the purpose, but did not take the shortest way. Probably he thought it advisable to avoid the armed cavaliers, and the furious wild sow with her numerous tribe of young ones. In this uncultivated region the wild boar still retains its original fierceness, though in Germany its nature is so far softened that a single shot is sufficient to put a whole herd to flight. Micklos came cautiously on, but all the more safely. "Where have you come from?" asked Maruschka, "and where are you going to?" "To our chief," replied Micklos. "There is likely to be a capture. The imperialists started very early this morning on a hunting expedition upon the mountain. One of them has missed his way. They are blowing the horn and calling out for him like mad ones. He must be a good prize, otherwise they would not make so much noise about him."

"By the time you get up to where he is, they will have found him long ago," said Maruschka.

Micklos put his finger to his nose, and said: "Yes, if they know what I know. They are looking for him up there, but he is on the other side. I saw him fire down in the ravine. I stood on the top of the mountain and listened on both sides, while they could not hear anything. The man has fired at least six times, and each time further away from the right path."

Maruschka winked with a smile of satisfaction. "You must be right," said she, "and I will accompany you to hunt the huntsman."

## MILITARY WATCH-TOWERS IN THE CRIMEA.

BOTH the climate and the soil of the Crimea are remarkably varied—so much so, indeed, that a description which might be perfectly true of one part, would require to be directly reversed in order to become applicable to another. The fact is, the peninsula consists of two distinct portions, which are separated from each other by the river Salghir flowing from west to east. The northern portion is almost wholly composed of extensive plains, which, though bare of trees, are not deficient in rich pasture, except where marshes and salt-lakes are found. Some of these salt-lakes, which are very numerous towards the sea-coast, are fifteen or twenty miles round. Throughout the northern part of the Crimea the climate is de-

cidedly unhealthy, being oppressively hot in summer, and bitterly cold, as well as damp, in winter.

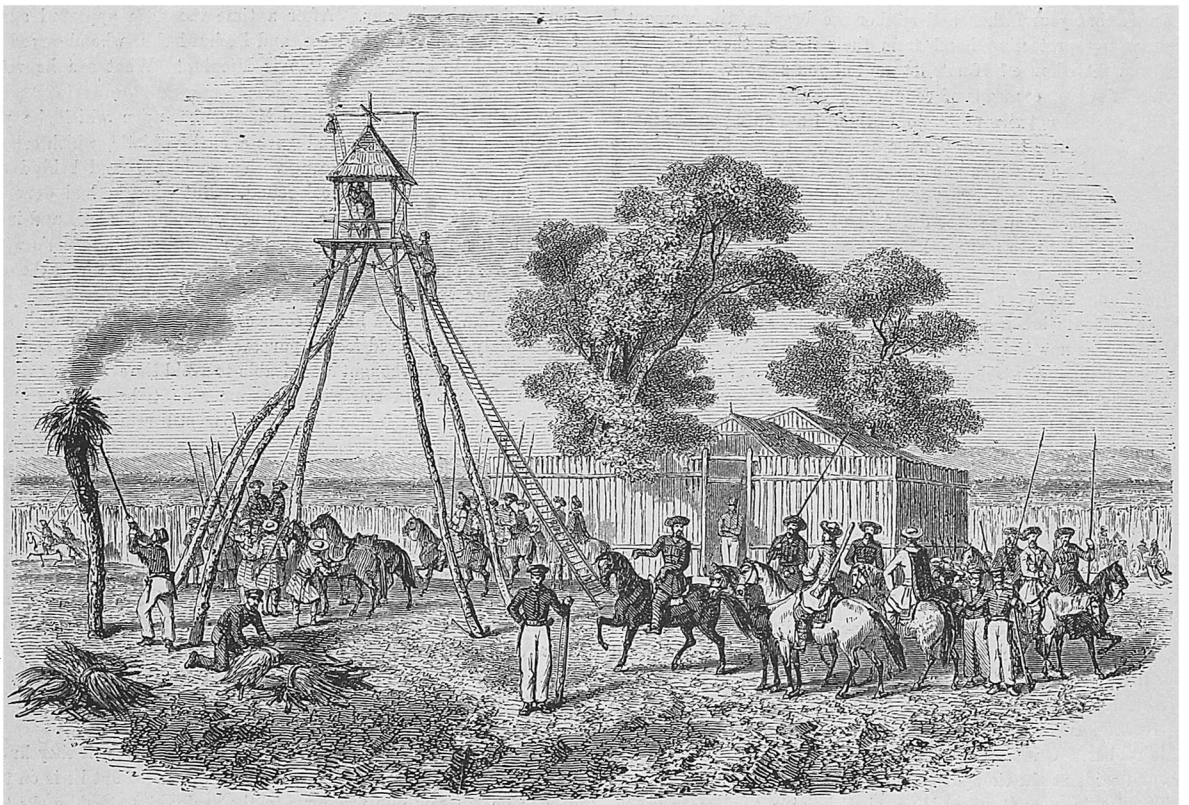
On the contrary, in the south—particularly in the valleys and on the mountain slopes—a delicious mild temperature prevails, and fruits of all kinds are produced in rich abundance. Among the productions of this region may be mentioned, corn, hemp, flax, tobacco, olives, vines, mulberries, pomegranates, figs, and oranges. Dr. Clarke gives the following description of a district in the south of the Crimea:—"If there exist a terrestrial paradise, it is to be found in the district intervening between Kutchukoy and Sudak, on the south coast of the Crimea. Protected by encircling alps

from every cold and blighting wind, and only open to those breezes which are wafted from the south, the inhabitants enjoy every advantage of climate and of situation. Continual streams of crystal water pour down from the mountains upon their gardens, where every species of fruit known in the rest of Europe, and many that are not, attain the highest perfection. Neither unwholesome exhalations, nor chilling winds, nor venomous insects, nor poisonous reptiles, nor hostile neighbours, infest their blessed territory." This bears pretty evident marks of being tinged with the hues of the writer's glowing fancy, though in some respects confirmed by the testimony of other travellers. However true it may be of the particular district in question, there is certainly no other part of the Crimea so highly favoured; for at certain periods of the year reptiles of various kinds infest even the south, the air is far from salubrious, and fevers are pretty prevalent.

The most important place in the Crimea—at least in relation to other countries—is Sebastopol, a very formidable stronghold or Russian power. Highly favoured by nature with a spacious har-

or forty feet from the ground, and supported upon four stakes or trunks of trees. In many cases there is no ladder like that in our engraving, but, as a substitute, pieces of wood are fastened cross-wise, at intervals, to two of the supporting stakes. The Cossacks, who are keeping guard on the watch-towers to observe the movements of the enemy, set fire to a faggot of wood attached to a cross-beam above, whenever they think it necessary to give a signal. It is scarcely possible to form an adequate idea of the patient endurance exhibited by these sentinels. In spite of the severest cold, they remain whole days and nights on these watch-towers, exposed to the rain, snow, and wind, immoveable and erect as statues, with their faces turned towards the quarter pointed out, never suffering themselves to be diverted for a moment from their duty by what is going on behind them.

Ker Porter, in his work on "Travels in Georgia," has given a view of a watch-tower which he saw near Mozdock, in the Valley of Robbers, facing the Caucasus. Another traveller, Robert Lyall, gives a drawing of one which he saw on the Kouban, and states, that



A WATCH-TOWER IN THE CRIMEA.

bour and a commanding position, it has been very strongly fortified on scientific principles with an array of ramparts, bastions, batteries, and curtains, which are well calculated to strike terror into the heart of the bravest commander of a powerful fleet and numerous army. Nor can we reasonably wonder—however much we may regret—that so much hesitation should have been exhibited with regard to venturing upon an attack on this chief source of that domineering influence which Russia has been long exercising and extending over the Black Sea. With such a home for a powerful navy, she might bid defiance to every attempt to rob her of her supremacy in this part of the world. But now that it is wrested from her grasp, she has lost the right arm of her strength, an effectual check has been put upon her aggression, and there will be some hope for the cause of peace, freedom, and civilisation.

At the present time, when the glorious achievements of the Anglo-French troops in the Crimea are much talked of, our readers may be glad to have a representation of one of the military watch-towers there. Their construction is very simple. A wooden platform or trellis, four or five feet square, sometimes, but not always, surrounded by a sort of balustrade, is raised to a height of thirty

from the top of the watch-tower at Petrovskoye he was shown a marsh full of reeds, where about a thousand Circassians were said to have been drowned in October, 1821. The engraving which accompanies these remarks is taken from a drawing of one of the watch-towers ranged at regular intervals along the military line by the river Kouban, which forms the boundary between Russia and the tribes west of the Caucasus. "These posts of observation," says the artist, "are merely a kind of watch-towers raised on four props to a height of fifty feet above the ground. Two Cossacks are on guard there day and night. On the slightest movement of the enemy in the vast plain of rushes by which the river is bordered, a signal fire is lighted and hoisted to the top of the watch-tower. If the danger is more than usually imminent, they set fire to an enormous torch of straw and tar. At this signal, which is repeated from post to post along the line, the whole force take arms, and almost in an instant five or six hundred men are assembled at the point which is threatened. These military posts, each of which generally has a dozen men, are placed very near each other, particularly in dangerous passes, and at regular intervals small forts are raised with batteries and several pieces of cannon."